

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

[Vol. VI]

No. 1.

New-York....Saturday, October 31....1807.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE LADY
AMONG MURDERERS.

A TRUE STORY.

In our preceding volumes we have given some remarkable instances of presence of mind ; but all of them are far surpassed by that of a female, the subject of the present history, whose soul was proof against every impression of terror when inevitable death seemed impending over her head. We are under many obligations to the gentleman who transcribed it for our miscellany.

In a charming villa, situated in a truly romantic country, but at a considerable distance from the high road, Baron R. was accustomed to spend his summer. His mansion, built on an eminence, was perfectly adapted to his fortune. It was a spacious building, elegant both within and without, and displayed a good style of architecture. It was about two hundred paces from the village.

Business obliged the Baron to take a journey of a few days. His wife, a young and beautiful woman, scarcely twenty years of age, remained at home. He took with him two of his best servants, and

two others were left with the Baroness. No violation of the public security had ever been heard of in that part of the country ; and as the Baroness did not belong to the timid portion of her sex, the ideas of danger were far from entering her mind.

The second evening after the Baron's departure, she was just stepping into bed, when she heard an alarming noise in an apartment near her chamber. She called, but received no answer. The noise, screaming, and confusion grew louder every minute. She was at a loss to conceive what could be the matter, and hastily putting on a light garment, went to the door to discover the cause. What a horrid spectacle presented itself ! Two of her servants, half naked, were extended lifeless on the floor ; the room was full of strange and ferocious looking men ; the Baroness's chamber-maid was kneeling before one of them, and instead of the mercy she implored, received the fatal stroke. No sooner did the door open, than two of the barbarians, with drawn swords, rushed towards it. What man, not to say what woman, would not have been struck with the utmost terror, and have given up life and every thing for lost ? A loud shriek of despair, a flight of a

few paces, a fruitless intreaty for mercy, would probably have been the last resource of many thousands. The Baroness, however, conducted herself in a different manner.

"And are you come at last?"—exclaimed she, with a tone of heart-felt joy, and advancing towards her two assailants with a haste which highly astonished them both, and fortunately stopped their uplifted weapons. "Are you come at last?" repeated she, "Such visitors as you I have long wished to see."

"Wished!" muttered one of the assassins, "What do you mean by that? But stay, I will——"

He had already raised his cutlass, but his comrade averted the stroke. "Stop a moment, brother," said he, "let us first hear what she would have."

"Nothing but what is also your pleasure, brave comrades. You have made charming work here, I see. You are men after my own heart, and neither you nor I shall have reason to repent it, if you will but listen for two minutes to what I have to say."

"Speak! speak!" cried the whole company.

"But be brief," added one of the fiercest of them, "for we shall not make much ceremony with you neither."

"Nevertheless, I hope you may, if you but grant me a hearing.

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Know then, that I am, to be sure, the wife of the richest gentleman in this country; but the wife of the meanest beggar cannot be more unhappy than I am. My husband is one of the most jealous and niggardly wretches on the face of the earth. I hate him as I hate the devil, and it has long been the most fervent wish of my heart to get out of his clutches, and at the same time to pay him off all old scores. I should have left him many a time, had I been able to contrive how to escape. All my servants were his spies; that fellow, whose business you have done so completely, was the worst of them all. I am scarcely twenty-two, and as I flatter myself at least not ugly, if any of you chose to take me along with him, I should have no objection; I would accompany him, no matter whether to the woods or to the village alehouse. Nor shall any of you have reason to repent sparing my life. You are in a well-stored mansion, but it is impossible you should be acquainted with all its secret corners. These I will shew you, and if I do not make you richer by six thousand dollars, then serve me as you have done my chamber-maid."

Robbers of this kind are certainly villains, but nevertheless, they are still men. The wholly unexpected tendency of the Baroness's address, the unaffected tone with which she spoke, the more than ordinary beauty of a young, half-naked female, altogether produced a powerful effect on men whose hands

were yet reeking with the blood they had shed. They all stepped aside, and consulted together in a low tone for some minutes. The Baroness was left quite alone, but she betrayed not the least wish to escape. She heard two or three thus express themselves: "Let's dispatch her, and the game will be up." She, however, scarcely changed colour, for the opposition of the others did not escape her acute ear. One, who was probably the captain of these banditti, now advanced towards her.

He asked twice or thrice whether they might absolutely rely on the truth of what she had said; whether she actually wished to be released from the tyranny of her husband, and go with them; and whether she was ready to resign her person to one of them, to himself for instance, during the few peaceful nights they could enjoy? Having replied in the affirmative to all these questions, having not only suffered the warm embrace of the robber, but even returned it—for, what will not necessity excuse? He at length said: "Come along then, and lead us round. The devil trust you ladies of rank, but we'll however venture for once. But let me tell you beforehand, that, were you ten times as handsome, this weapon shall cleave your skull, the moment we observe the least disposition to escape or to betray us."

"Then it will be safe enough; and were this the only condition of my death, I should outlive you all,

and even the wandering Jew himself." The Baroness smiled as she pronounced these words, hastily snatched up the nearest light, as though she had been as anxious as any of them to collect the plunder and be gone; conducted the whole company through every apartment, opened unasked, every door, every drawer, and every chest; assisted emptying them and packing up the valuables; joked with the utmost vivacity; jumped with indifference over the mangled bodies; spoke with the familiarity of an old acquaintance to each of the horrid troop, and willingly aided with her delicate hands, in the most laborious occupations.

Plate, money, jewels, clothes, and other valuables, were now collected together, and the captain of the banditti was already giving the order for their march, when his destined bride suddenly caught him by the arm. "Did I not tell you," said she, "that you should not repent making a friend of me, and sparing my life. You may indeed have your fling in places that you find open; but 'tis a pity that you cannot so easily come at treasures that are somewhat more concealed."

"Concealed!—What?—Where is something more concealed?"

"What, do you suppose, that among coffers so full of the most valuable effects, there are no secret places? Look here, and then you will be convinced of the contrary."

• She pointed to a secret spring in the Baron's writing-desk. They pressed upon it, and out fell six rouleaus, each containing two hundred dollars.

"Zounds!" cried the leader of the robbers, "Now indeed I see that you are an incomparable woman. I will keep you for this like a little Duchess."

"And perhaps better still," rejoined she, laughing, "when I tell you one thing more. I am well aware that you must have had spies who informed you of the absence of my tyrant: but did they not tell you of the four thousand guilders which he received the day before yesterday?"

"Not a syllable; where are they?"

"O, safe enough! under a half a dozen of locks and bolts. You would certainly not have found them and the iron chest, in which they are deposited, had it not been for me.—Come along, comrades; we have finished above ground, and now we'll see what is to be done under it. Come along with me, I say, into the cellar!"

The robbers followed, but not without precaution. At the entrance of the cellar, provided with a strong iron trap-door, a man was posted as a centinel. The Baroness did not take the least notice of this. She conducted the whole troop to a vault at the very farthest extremity of the cellar. She unlocked

it, and in a corner of this recess, stood the chest she had described. "Here," said she, giving the captain the bunch of keys, "here, unlock it, and take what you find, as a wedding gift, if you can obtain the consent of your companions as readily as you have gained mine."

The robber tried one key after another, but none would fit. He grew impatient, and the Baroness appeared still more so.

"Lend me them," said she, "I hope I shall find the way sooner. Indeed, if we don't make haste, morning might overtake.—Ha! only think, the reason neither of us could unlock it is clear enough. As welcome as your visit is to me, yet I have no scruple to confess that the unexpected arrival of so great a pleasure, has flurried me a little. I have brought the wrong bunch of keys. A moment's patience, and I'll soon set that to rights."

She ran up stairs, and presently they heard her coming down again, but she went more slowly, as if out of breath with the haste she had made. "I've found them! I've found them!" cried she, at a distance. She was now within about three steps of the centinel placed at the entrance of the cellar; when she made a spring at the wretch, who as little expected the dissolution of the world, as such an attack. A single push with all her strength tumbled him down the stairs from top to bottom. In a twinkling she closed the trap-door, bolted it, and

thus had the whole company secure in the cellar.

All this was the work of a single moment. In the next she flew across the court-yard, and with the candle, set fire to a detached pig-stye. It blazed like a heap of straw. The watchman in the neighbouring village perceiving the flame, instantly gave the alarm. In a few minutes, all the inhabitants were out of their beds, and a crowd of farmers and their servants hastened to the mansion. The Baroness waited for them at the gate of the court-yard. "A few of you," said she, "will be sufficient to put out this fire, or to prevent it from spreading. But now provide yourselves with arms, which you will find in abundance in my husband's armoury; post yourselves at all the avenues of the cellar, and suffer not one of the murderers and robbers shut up in it to escape."

Her directions were obeyed, and not one of them escaped the punishment due to their crimes.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the "Naturalist's Cabinet," a work spoken of in the highest terms by the reviewers, we shall occasionally present our readers with extracts. The author has given many anecdotes of animals, most of which will be found interesting. The sagacity of the dog is forcibly evinced in the following relation.

In the county of Ulster, in the neighbourhood of Pennsylvania,

says an American planter, in his *Letters on Cultivation*, lived a man whose name was Le Fevre; he was the grandson of a Frenchman, who was obliged to fly his country at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He might well have been called the *last* of mankind, for he possessed a plantation on the very verge of the valley towards the Blue Mountains, a place of refuge for animals of the deer kind.

This man, having a family of eleven children, was greatly alarmed one morning at missing the youngest, who was about four years of age; he disappeared about ten o'clock. The distressed family sought after him in the river, and in the fields, but to no purpose. Terrified to an extreme degree, they united with their neighbours in quest of him. They entered the woods, which they beat over with the most scrupulous attention. A thousand times they called him by name, and were answered only by the echoes of the wilds. They then assembled themselves at the foot of the Mountain of Chatagniers, or chesnut-trees, without being able to bring the least intelligence of the child. After reposing themselves for some minutes, they formed into different bands—and night coming on, the parents in despair refused to return home; for their terror was constantly increased by the knowledge they had of the mountain cats, animals so rapacious, that the inhabitants cannot always defend themselves against

their attack. Then they painted to their imagination the horrid idea of a wolf, or some other dreadful animal, devouring their darling child. "Derick, my poor little Derick! where art thou?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in the most poignant language; but all was of no avail. As soon as the day-light appeared, they renewed their search, but as unsuccessfully as the preceding day. Fortunately, however, an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent village, called at the house of Le Fevre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did, on his travelling through that part of the country. He was much surprised to find no one at home, but an old negress, kept there by her infirmities. "Where is my brother?" said the Indian. "Alas!" replied the negro woman, "he has lost his little Derick, and all the neighbours are employed in looking after him in the woods." It was then three o'clock in the afternoon: "Sound the horn," said the Indian, "and try and call thy master home; I will find his child." The horn was sounded; and as soon as the father returned, the Indian asked him for the shoes and stockings that little Derick had worn last. He then ordered his dog, which he brought with him, to smell them; and then, taking the house for his centre, he described a circle of a quarter of a mile, semi-diameter; ordering his dog to smell the earth wherever he led him. The circle was not completed, when the saga-

cious animal began to bark. This sound brought some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate parents. The dog followed the scent, and barked again; the party pursued him with all their speed, but soon lost sight of him in the woods. Half an hour afterwards, they heard him again, and soon saw him return. The countenance of the poor animal was visibly altered; an air of joy seemed to animate him, and his gestures indicated that his search had not been in vain. "I am sure he has found the child!" exclaimed the Indian. But whether dead or alive was at present the cruel subject of doubt. The Indian then followed his dog, who led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child in an enfeebled state, nearly approaching death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastily carried it to the disconsolate parents.

Happily, the father and mother were in some measure prepared to receive their child, but their joy was so great, that it was more than a quarter of an hour before they could express their gratitude to the kind restorer of their child. Words cannot express the affecting scene. After they had bathed the face of the child with their tears, they threw themselves on the neck of the Indian, whose heart in unison melted with theirs. Their gratitude was then extended to the dog; they caressed him with inexpressible delight, as the animal, who, by means of his sagacity, had found their beloved offspring; and

conceiving that, like the rest of the group, he must now stand in need of refreshment, a plentiful repast was prepared for him, after which he and his master pursued their journey; and the company, mutually pleased at the happy event, returned to their respective habitations, highly delighted with the kind Indian, and his wonderful dog.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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DON PEDRO THE FIRST,
OF PORTUGAL, AND
DONNA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

THE royal monastery of Alcobaça, is seated in a pretty village of the same name about fifteen leagues north of Lisbon; it is well sheltered, particularly towards the west, by rising grounds, which gradually ascend to an immense elevation. It was founded in the year 1170, by Alphonso the First, King of Portugal, in consequence of taking the fortress of Santerem from the Moors, the capture of which he previously avowed to commemorate by a monastery. A Portuguese writer, in speaking of this magnificent structure, says, its cloisters are cities, its sacristy a church, and the church a basilisk.

Among the Portuguese interred in this monastery, there are two, namely, Don Pedro, and Donna Iñez de Castro. Contiguous to the transept of the church belonging to this convent, there is a ge-

thic mausoleum of hewn stone, in the middle of which are two magnificent sepulchres of white marble, containing the remains of Don Pedro the First, King of Portugal, and of Donna Iñez de Castro, his consort. A cumbent effigy of each, is placed on their respective tombs, by which the former is represented with a long beard, a severe countenance, and in the act of drawing his sword. The latter is represented with a beautiful, innocent countenance, dressed in royal robes, and adorned with the diadem.

But few persons are recorded in history who have been oftener celebrated by dramatic writers, than this princess. There have been no less than five tragedies formed from her pitiful narrative: viz. two in English, one in French, one in Spanish, and one in truth of history, and is not inferior in point of poetical merit. The author, *Señor Nicola Luis*, had no occasion to resort to fiction to heighten the passions of an audience, as the simple facts are sufficient to fill up all the scenes of pity and terror, and to shew to what lengths love and revenge are capable of transporting the human mind.

The subject of this tragical piece is as follows: Don Pedro, son of Alonzo the Fourth, King of Portugal, and heir apparent to the crown, having fallen in love with a lady of the court, named Donna Iñez de Castro, thought he could not share the crown which awaited him with a more amiable person. She uni-

ted to all the charms of beauty, the most amiable and accomplished manners. The prince, waving all considerations of birth and fortune, was privately married to her by the Bishop of *Guarda*.

Notwithstanding the nuptials were performed with all the secrecy imaginable, yet they reached the king's ear, who had premeditated a consort for Don Pedro, in the king of Castile's daughter. He questioned him as to the truth of the report; but knowing his father's arbitrary disposition, he tho't it prudent then to conceal the fact.

The nobility also had an intimation of the marriage, and the preference given to Ignez had awakened their jealousy. Hence they took every opportunity of representing her as a woman of the greatest ambition, and pretended that very fatal consequences were to be apprehended from such an alliance; they also condemned the Prince as a rash and disobedient son.

The king, who was a man of weak understanding, gave ear to their calumny, and they worked upon his passions to that degree, that he resolved to murder the unfortunate Princess. Accordingly, he set out to perpetrate the horrid deed, accompanied by three of his courtiers, and a number of armed men.

Donna Ignez at this time resided in Coimbra, in the palace of Santa Clara, where she passed her time in the most private manner, educat-

ing her children, and attending to the duties of her domestic affairs.

The Prince, unfortunately, was abroad, on a hunting party, when the King arrived. The beautiful victim came out to meet him, with her two infant children, who clung about his knees, screaming aloud for mercy. She prostrates herself at his feet, bathes them with tears, and supplicates pity for her children, beseeching him to banish her to some remote desert, where she would gladly wander an exile with her babes.

The feelings of nature arrested his arm, just raised to plunge a dagger in her breast. But his counsellors, urging the necessity of her death, and reproaching him for his disregard to the welfare of the nation, he relapsed into his former resolution, and commanded them to dispatch her; at which they rushed forward, regardless of the cries of innocence and beauty, and instantly struck off her head!

Soon after the above transaction, the Prince arrived; but, alas! found those eyes that were used to watch his return with impatience, closed in death. The sight of his beloved Ignez weltering in gore, filled his mind with distraction, and kindled every spark of revenge within his soul. In all the agony of rage, he called aloud on the avenging hand of heaven to punish those monsters who deprived him of all he held dear upon earth.

As soon as her remains were interred, he put himself at the head of an army who sympathised with his distress ; they carried fire and sword through the adjacent provinces, and laid waste the estates of the murderers. The royal troops could not oppose them ; they fled at the appearance of the gallant avengers of innocence. But the king, wretched man ! could not fly from himself ; the cries of his grandchildren still echoed in his ears, and the bleeding image of their unfortunate mother was still before his eyes. Death at length commiserated his situation, and he expired full of repentance for his accumulated crimes. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father.

The Prince now ascended the throne in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He no sooner obtained the power, than he meditated to revenge the death of his beloved Ignéz. The three murderers, namely, Pedro Coello, Diogo Lopez Pacheco, and Alvaro Gonsalvez, had fled into Castile, previous to the death of the late King. The prince ordered them to be tried on a charge of high treason, and being found guilty, their effects were confiscated. Next, he contrived to seize their persons, by agreeing with the King of Castile that both should reciprocally deliver up the Portuguese and Castilian fugitives, who sought protection in their respective dominions. Gonsalvez and Coello were accordingly ar-

rested, and sent in chains to Portugal ; Pacheco escaped into France.

The king was at Santerem when the delinquents were brought to him, and instantly ordered them to be laid on a pyre that was previously formed, contiguous to which, he had a banquet prepared. Before the torch was kindled, and whilst they agonized at every pore under the most lingering tortures, their hearts were cut out, one at his breast, the other at his back. Lastly, the pyre was set in a blaze, in presence of which he dined, whilst they evaporated in flames.

Having thus far appeased his insatiable thirst of revenge, he ordered his marriage with Donna Ignéz to be published throughout the kingdom ; then her body was taken out of the sepulchre, covered with regal robes, and placed on a magnificent throne, around which, his ministers assembled, and did homage to their lawful Queen.

After this ceremony, her corpse was translated from Coimbra to Alcobaca, with a pomp hitherto unknown in the kingdom ; though the distance between these two places is fifty-two miles, yet the road was lined on both sides all the way, with people holding lighted tapers. The funeral was attended by all the noblemen and gentlemen in Portugal, dressed in long mourning cloaks ; their ladies also attended in white mourning veils.

The cloud which the above dis-

aster cast over the mind of Don Pedro was never totally dispersed, and as he lived in a state of celibacy the remainder of his life, agreeable to his vow, there was nothing to divert his attention from ruminating on the fate of his beloved spouse. The impression her death made on him was strongly characterised, not only in the tortures he inflicted on her murderers, but also in the acts of his administration, which, from their severity, induced some to give him the appellation of Pedro the cruel ; by others he was called Pedro the just.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE COMFORTS
AND DISAPPOINTMENTS OF
LIFE.

WHEN a man enters into the sixty-fourth year of his age, and attains what is called the grand climacteric, if he looks back upon the length of the journey, and reflects upon the inconveniences, the difficulties, and the dangers he has past ; I much doubt, if, from such a review, there is one person in a hundred who would willingly travel over the same road again, to be subject to the same impediments, and to be overtaken by the same cares.

If we revert to our entrance into the world, and into which we are obtruded with anguish and with tears ; if we trace our progress through it from the first dawns

of instinct, when we are helpless, querulous, and unamiable ; without a faculty to describe our wants, but possessed of sufficient imitation to make known our sufferings ; how must we pity, and, at the same time, venerate the attention and the tenderness of those who could not only put up with, but make themselves slaves to our humours.

If we refer to that period of incipient reason, when the assiduities of the nurse are superceded by the cares of the parents, and her fears for our well being are scarcely less acute than those she entertains for our doing well ; what an early lesson are we hear taught of the operations of nature, which takes so steady and affectionate an interest in what she has produced.

If we still follow the ascending chain, a zeal, perhaps less delicate, but equally sincere, attends us to the exercises of the school, the dissipations of the college, the unthriftiness of travel, and the temptations, and the profligacy of a public life ; and, beyond these, to that state, in which, with fewer years, we have more wants of sustentation than those, perhaps, who gave us birth.

The idea of looking back for happiness to that period when our inexperienced faculties could not appreciate the term, has been combated by Mr. Gibbon, whose authority every man of candour will respect, and whose virtues those

who know him best will commend the most ; and this he has done in such a manner, that others, with equal sincerity and reflection, must, from the same premises, deduce the same conclusions that he has done.

We shall pass over uninteresting and speechless infancy, and make a fair estimate of the enjoyments and discomforts of a boy at school. He rises before he is awake, and crawls like a snail with his satchel upon his back, his lesson unlearned, and is scarcely seated upon his form, and almost dead with apprehension, before he is warmed into feeling by the tingling of the rod. If he be of lively parts, and is industrious to-day, the same anxiety returns with the morrow ; and the little time that is left for vacation and play, is imbittered by the shortness of its continuance, and the reflection that even with his pastimes is involved the anticipation of his studies and his cares. Other circumstances may arise to prevent those pleasures he may be supposed to enjoy. He may have jealousies with his friends, contentions with the obstinate, and battles with the quarrelsome ; hence, his feelings may be excited in proportion as his mind is soured.

But then, the time of the holidays may arrive, when, free from the shackles of scholastic confinement, the tyranny of his play-mates, and the cruelty of the pedagogue, he may riot at large in liberty and

unrestraint. But then, does the ill-timed and unwanting indulgence of a parent at all fortify his mind against those numberless disappointments and fretful uneasinesses which are incidental to his hopes ; and which naturally arise out of his condition ? he may possibly have a mother who is all tenderness, and a father whose temper is morose and impatient ; and, though at home, he has still a lesson to learn, and may meet with more punishment from ignorance and obstinacy, than was experienced from one whose province it was to correct and instruct.

Besides, there may be other causes of discontent ; his pleasures may be counteracted, he may be called from pursuits upon which his mind is bent ; and may be obliged to surrender his hoop, his marbles, or his top, to a more favoured brother, or to a foster relation, whose insolence and pride may be excited by his dependence.

Were he even favoured and indulged during the recess of his studies, allowed to torture the worm, to despoil the nest, and blow the egg ; yet even these concessions will create him enemies, whose jealousy may irritate, and whose envy endeavour to disunite from his confidantes and friends, and who may ultimately discard him from their society, and make him almost solitary among his parents, his relatives, and his play-mates.

He now looks forward, perhaps to the meeting of his school as a relief and consolation, but little thinking how soon he will be obliged to regret, from the cold he suffers and the hardships he endures, the indiscriminate tenderness he lately experienced; and is doubly melancholy when he reflects how many tedious months of discomfort and endurance must intervene before he can look forward to the certainty of another vacation.

Such in general is the fair estimate of the enjoyments and disappointments of our youth, whatever may be their destination, and whatever their expectations in life; and to draw a just medium between fruition and sufferance, is assigned only to those who can look back with impartiality upon their juvenile progress, and who will, of consequence, endeavour to make it as easy as possible to those who may run the same career, and from whose future conduct, as fathers, they may look for satisfaction and peace to solace the close of their declining years. F.

(To be continued.)

(SELECTED.)

THE PRUDENT JUDGE.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A MERCHANT whose affairs called him abroad, entrusted a purse of a thousand sequins to a Dervise, whom he looked upon as

his friend, and begged him to take care of it till his return.

At the expiration of a year the merchant returned, and demanded his money; but the Dervise denied ever having received any. The merchant, enraged at this perfidy, complained to the Cadi. "You have trusted him imprudently," answered the judge; "you should not have placed so much confidence in a man whose fidelity you had never experienced. It will be difficult to compel this knave to restore a deposit which he received without witnesses; but I will see what I can do for you. Return to him speak to him amicably, but do not let him know that I am acquainted with this affair, and call here to-morrow at the same hour."

The merchant obeyed, but instead of recovering his money, he was grossly abused. During the altercation a slave of the Cadi came and gave the Dervise an invitation from his master.

The Dervise attended, was introduced into the principal apartment, received in a friendly manner, and treated with the consideration which is usually shewn to persons of distinguished rank. The Cadi discoursed on different subjects, and, as opportunity offered, mingled in the conversation encomiums on the learning and wisdom of the Dervise. After gaining the confidence by such flattering discourse, he added: "I sent for you to give you

a proof of my confidence and esteem ; an affair of the greatest importance obliges me to be away from home some months ; I do not care to trust my slaves, and I wish to place my treasure in the hands of a man who enjoys like you, the most unblemished reputation. If you can take charge of it without inconvenience to yourself, I shall to-morrow night send you my most precious effects ; but as this business must be conducted with secrecy, I shall order my confidential slaves to deliver them to you as if they were a present from me."

A gracious smile appeared on the face of the Dervise ; he made numberless bows to the Cadi, thanked him for his confidence, swore he would keep the treasure as carefully as the apple of his eye ; and retired as contented as if he had already cheated the judge.

The next day the merchant went again to the Cadi, and informed him of the obstinacy of the Dervise. "Return to him," said the judge, "and if he persists in his refusal, threaten him that you will complain to me ; I think you will have no occasion to repeat the menace."

The merchant immediately went to his debtor ; he no sooner pronounced the Cadi's name, than the Dervise, who was afraid of losing the treasure which was to be intrusted to him, returned his purse, and laughingly said,—“ My dear

friend, why should you have recourse to the Cadi ? your money was safe in my house ; my refusal was only for the joke's sake, to see how you would take it."

The merchant was wise enough not to credit this joke ; and returned to the Cadi to thank him for his generous succour.

In the mean time, the night approached, and the Dervise prepared himself to receive the promised treasure ; but it passed without any of the Cadi's slaves appearing. This night was to him of an inexpressible length. As soon as it was day-light, he went to the judge : "I come," said he, "to learn why his honour has not sent his slaves to me." "Because I have been informed by an honest and worthy merchant, that you are a rogue, whom justice will punish as you deserve, if a second similar complaint be made against you."

The Dervise made a low bow, and returned, without speaking a word.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 1.

—
ANOTHER MISERY.

AFTER having just dressed with particular care, in an almost new suit, to accompany your charmer to the play : flying along the

street with a light heart and light heels, to your appointment with her, in very sloppy, wet weather, but not enough so to *damp* your spirits.—Meeting with a flight of three or four steps at the end of a court, your volatility prompts you to leap up them, which you very cleverly accomplish, all but about half an inch, when your foot striking against the upper step, throws you sprawling in the mud, to the infinite diversion of a number of passengers, some of whom, with a half-grin, help you to rise ; when you discover, in addition to the complete envelopement of your *best cloaths* in mud, that the knee of your *bran-new fawn-coloured* pantaloons is split completely across. The consequence is, that you must return to *re-dress* this grievous adventure, which occupies so much time, that you lose half the play ; or, when you reach the abode of your charmer, you find her so much offended at your long stay, that she will not go at all.

COUNTRY SIMPLICITY.

A GENTLEMAN having erected an observatory at a certain point of his estate, which, from the large sum expended on it, was called Mr. L's *folly* ; a domestic, who had heard it so styled, imagined it to be its proper name ; and one day, returning from a neighbouring town on a favourite horse, it fell, and materially injured its knees, which much enraging his master, he asked him where the

accident happened, to which he artlessly replied : "Please your honour, the horse fell just as I was passing your honour's *folly*."

REMARK.—A man ought to give his children the best education in his power, let their future profession or occupation in life be what it will.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN presenting the first number of a new volume of our work to the public, we offer it in a different form, on finer paper and a new type. That these are advantages, will readily be admitted, and the size (octavo) not the least so, preserving as it does, a handsome medium between the ponderous quarto and the lighter duodecimo. With improvement of appearance, it is intended that improvements more important shall vie, and that the *matter* of the miscellany shall be in no wise inferior to the *manner*.

Fictitious story being a species of literature which is pleasing to all, we shall resort to it as to a fount from which we may make large draughts without danger of causing satiety. To this end we have taken such measures as will enable us to obtain a regular series of several of the best English works in this kind of writing.

Biography, though not so generally pleasing to those whom it is

our ambition to entertain, has, nevertheless strong claims to our notice. It is the privilege of biography alone to blend the charms of fable with the truth of history. It is biography which unfolds the character of man, which acquaints us with the spring of all his actions, and by this means gives us a knowledge of ourselves. We shall assign to it such a place in our miscellany as we think it entitled to.

The favours of our correspondents, we hope will enable us worthily to fill those parts of our work which we apportion to original communications.

As the insertion of advertisements has been much complained of by some of our subscribers, none in future will be admitted into the miscellany except such as come in the form of literary paragraphs. Articles of foreign and domestic intelligence with which our readers may be supposed to be previously acquainted, will likewise be excluded.

Our friends will be respectively waited on during the ensuing week, and we hope to be enabled to acknowledge their polite attention to the settlement of our little accounts, which to us is of the utmost moment.

Owing to the late hour at which we received our type, we have been unable to publish the index to

the 5th volume.—We shall give it next week.

* * * *The carriers of this paper are supplied with subscription books for the accommodation of persons residing in those parts of the city remote from this office. The publisher's receipts, for monies paid at the time of subscribing, will be regularly forwarded the ensuing week.*

Correspondence.

A line to H. L. is left at this office

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr. Williston, Captain John R. Myrrick, to Miss Maria T. Jarvis, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Samuel D. Southmayd, to Miss Ellen B. Dalton.

On Wednesday morning, at Trinity church, by the right rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. N. W. Strong, of the house of Strong & Davis, to Miss Eliza M. Dickson.

DIED,

On Monday morning, after a lingering illness of some years, William Le Conte, Esq. in the 29th year of his age.

On Sunday morning, in the 77th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Irving.

On Friday evening, Mr. Peter Jack, printer.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable one in advance.

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

The following verses from Motanebbi, contain a point that finds its way immediately to the heart, and warms it with the most pleasing sensation.

UPON VISITING A FRIEND.

Yes, I can boast a friend is mine—
Whom all the virtues grace,
The dearest of a kindred line,
The noblest of our race.

A scion from his friendship sprung
I planted in my breast—
How fondly to the soil it clung
Its blooming fruit confess'd.

Yet, by affection's touch inclin'd,
To Selim when I'd go,
My Selim's house I never find,
My friend I never know.

For when I reach his welcome dome,
His kind attentions share,
I always find that I'm at home,
Another self is there.

TO MY BROTHER.

Who was it taught my hand to write,
To stain with ink the spotless white,
And gave me every dear delight?
My brother.

In infancy my joy and care,
Yes, every thot' thou then didst share,
Now, from my bosom fate does tear
My brother.

Dear partner of my childless plays,
With thee I've past my happiest days,
But now I cannot on thee gaze,
My brother.

For now thou seekest a foreign land,
On De la Plata's distant strand

In my mind's eye I see thee stand,
My brother!

Soon may sweet Peace our island grace,
Then thou canst leave that distant place,
And I with transport shall embrace
My brother.

And when thou com'st, oh! settle here,
Then I no more will shed a tear,
Or for thy safety feel a fear,
My brother.

And if thou had'st a tender mate,
Of temper mild like thine sedate,
I should not wish thee rich or great,
My brother.

But far from folly, care and strife,
May'st thou be bless'd with such a wife
Whose tenderness may sweeten life,
My brother.

And should it please kind heaven to send
Besides this bliss a faithful friend,
Then may these blessings never end,
My brother.

[ENG. PUB.]

REAL BEAUTY.

What is the bloming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind, and harmony within?
What, the bright sparkling of the finest
eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds com-
pare? (gain,
No! these at first the inward heart may
But those, those only, can the heart re-
tain.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH,
No. 299 Broadway.